

## WANDERING BILL NYE.

A FEW MORE REMARKS ABOUT TEXAS AND THINGS.

He Meets a Cherokee Elder Who Drops a Silent Tear and He Is Referred to as "Captain." What Happened to "The Fat Contributor" Once Upon a Time.

(Copyright, 1891, by Edgar W. Nye.)

IN TEXAS STILL.

Today we rode past whole townships of cacti. All kinds of rare vegetables grow in this strange and mighty state. The fuzzy cactus flourishes here especially—flourishes like a professional penman. There is nothing small about Texas. A ranch that does not embrace



THE DOWNTRODDEN CHEROKEE.

A whole town is hardly worth assessing. A county with a barbed wire fence around it is more like the customary thing. A friend of mine here has the best of a county. It is fenced in with barbed wire, which the outlaw used to cut now and then so that the cattle would get out and wander away into Peru and other neighboring places. He had to keep a force of cowboys to "ride the lines" and examine the fence every day, until it occurred to him that he could make the top wire a telegraph wire; and with an instrument at headquarters he could detect a break and locate it at any time. So now a line repairer and a cheap operator, who has nothing to do but to communicate with himself all day, constitute the fence force in place of the old and expensive corps of riders and repairers.

We rode up from Galveston the other day with Conductor Taylor. He is a hearty man with a genial smile filled with mirth and gilt edged teeth. He is the kind of conductor who looks out for his passengers' comfort. He telegraphed ahead and got a lunch for us, which saved our lives no doubt, for we had to travel all day on the Houston and Shreveport railroad, which is said to be the worst in the United States. Yet it is a genial and accommodating road. All the trains are accommodation trains.

almost certain that we came upon it before we got to Shreveport, but the conductor said he hardly thought that possible, because it couldn't get across the Red river owing to high water.

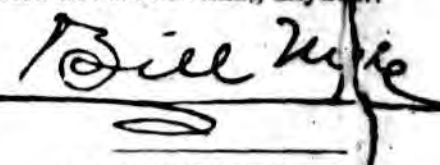
I lectured once in Mississippi. After I had done so, and the roar of applause had died away, a small boy with a pale, Milwaukee brick complexion, broken here and there by large melodious freckles, came forward to the footlights, and in a childish treble inquired, "Is that all, captain?" I said yes, and he went away rather reluctantly, I thought. That is the reason why I went home feeling rather depressed, for although I regarded the lecture as a financial and moral success according to Horace Greeley's standard—viz., that more people staid in than went away during the show—yet when this boy called me captain, here in a land where you can get enough majors for a mess in twenty minutes, I concluded that possibly I had missed it in Mississippi. All railway conductors in the south are captains. Captain Taylor, of the Santa Fe, said that they used to do a very poor business between Galveston and Houston. Once, he said, he played to fifteen cents a round trip. I think he used this term in order to make himself clear.

Speaking of the show business reminds me of a pleasant afternoon and evening with Mr. Griswold, the old "Fat Contributor," only a few days before his sudden death. He was a most gentle and genial man to meet, and when I use the overworked word "genial" I do so because it did really fit him. He told me about his experience as a lecturer in a little place, I think, in Pennsylvania. This town had made a laudable reputation for itself twenty-five or thirty years ago because it could and did break up everything in the line of a show that had come there for years. What a glorious ambition! Just as some of the tough schools of the woolly wilderness used to clean out the teachers who tried to educate them. I remember one case where a consumptive boy teacher was virtually murdered by big boys in such a school. His successor only remained one day, but he conquered the school. He entered at 9 o'clock with a Bible, a valise and an armful of beech gads. He opened with prayer. Then he read a chapter and opened his valise. He took out a hammer and a big nail. He drove the large nail into the door frame over the latch. Then he took a big revolver out of his valise, and with that in one hand and a big beech whip in the other he went at that school, and with wonderful generosity and liberality, and a commendable equity, he whipped every boy in that school so that people passing by thought there was a carpet renovating establishment inside. He did it so well that two of those boys are now said to be in the ministry, and two of them doing time in congress for a term of years.

Then he took his valise and left the place. He never asked for any salary, but those who saw him last saw him with his little valise in his hand, crying over the grave of his brother, the poor consumptive teacher who preceded him, and who gave his life to this tough and

"You miserable lecher!" he said. "I dare you go. Here we are and not singly together! You haven't the courage to mob him. You contemptible scoundrel!"

Then the lecture went on. Griswold had to knock down two or three at the door, but he said he did not mind that. People at the door were liable to knock down something anyhow.



Ought to Make Him So. Fair Bostonian (on a visit abroad)—By the way, Mr. Kipling, what is your favorite vegetable? Mr. Rudyard Kipling—Certainly, Miss Picklowell. My preference is the long vegetable is the dolichos ensiformis. (Haughtily) "It is not a matter of the slightest consequence, Mr. Kipling." (Hastily) "Or sword bean of India." "Certainly, Miss Picklowell, certainly. I shall be happy to tell you when I visit Boston."—Chicago Tribune.



A.—Will you tell me where Great Jones street is?  
B.—Har?



A.—Will you tell me where Great Jones street is?  
B.—Excuse me, I'm a little deaf.



## GOLD DUG OUT BY HAND.

DISCOVERY OF BREYFOGLE'S MINE BY A PROSPECTOR.

Many Lives Have Been Lost in the Search for the Historic Treasure—Gold Is Found There on the Surface in Lumps Like Plums in a Pudding.

There is not a miner or old settler in the southern part of California who is not familiar with the story of the famous Breyfogle mine. It ranks with the Gun-sight, the Pegleg and the Lost Cabin legends. Like them it has cost dozens of lives, and so unsuccessful and fatal have been the many expeditions made in search of the mine that it has come to be regarded by many as a myth.

Briefly, for the information of those who have never heard the tale, the story goes that away back in the early fifties a party, in which was a man named Breyfogle, set out for California by way of the southern Utah road, a route which lay through the southern portions of Utah and Nevada, skirted Death valley, traversed the Mojave desert and finally terminated in either the San Bernardino or Los Angeles valley.

Breyfogle was something of a miner in his way, and while prospecting in a wild and forbidding region he found a place where he could literally dig great nuggets of gold out of the decomposed quartz or cement, as he called it, with his knife. As he described the place, there was a large deposit of an exceedingly rich character—enough to make the whole party wealthy. He returned to camp, but the travelers were short of provisions and water, the Indians were troublesome and there was no time to waste in mining.

They pushed on toward their destination, but between the Indians and thirst only a few of them ever reached civilization. Breyfogle told his story, exhibited the nuggets he had dug out and carefully preserved, and then spent the rest of his life in a fruitless search for the deposit. Others who heard the story followed his example, and for upward of forty years the Breyfogle mine has been a veritable will-o'-the-wisp, luring men to destruction in the terrible deserts of southeastern California and southwestern Nevada.

## A LUCKY STRIKE.

George Montgomery, an experienced miner well known in the Wood river region of Idaho, was on a prospecting trip in the region to the southeastward of Death valley. It should be premised that the old Utah road after leaving San Bernardino city turns through the Cajon pass, and then strikes off in a northeasterly direction across the Mojave desert, passing Resting Springs, the Kingston mountains and then traversing the Fair-rump valley. This valley lies just on the boundary line between California and Nevada and has a general northwesterly and southeasterly course, the Kingston mountains lying to the west and the Fair-rump range to the east.

While prospecting in the mountains last named and at the upper end of the

valley, Montgomery discovered a discovery which bears every indication of being the long sought Breyfogle mine, or at least one exactly similar. But the location answers to that given by Breyfogle, while the gold has been found just as he said—so plentiful that it could be dug out in nuggets with a knife.

One ledge located by Montgomery is eight feet wide, and has been traced by its outcroppings for a distance of 9,000 feet. In the decomposed surface rock the gold is found almost like plums in a pudding. Pieces of quartz picked out are from a quarter to half bright yellow gold, while with a hand mortar the lucky discoverer pounded out in a short time a yeast powder can full of nuggets of various sizes. All along the ledge free gold is found in quantities that astonish the oldest prospectors and which seem scarcely credible.

After making several locations Montgomery spread the news of his discovery, the result being that some thirty or forty miners are at work in the valley. Montgomery himself packed up as large a quantity of the richest specimens as he could carry and made his way across the desert to Daggett, the nearest railroad point, 160 miles away. From there he came to San Francisco.

## FORTUNES FOR MANY.

To the question whether he was looking for capital or a purchaser, Mr. Montgomery returns an emphatic negative. The mines, he says, are the richest he ever saw, and he is satisfied that he can realize a fortune by working them. There ought to be plenty of placer gold in the gulches leading from the ledges that have been discovered; but no effort has been made to find any. All the miners yet in the camp are busy on the quartz claims they have located. On one claim taken up by Montgomery a cross cut has been pushed for twenty feet across the vein without striking the hanging wall, and it is free milling ore all the way.

Besides the deposits of gold, some rich silver veins have been found, assays from which run over a hundred ounces to the ton. Lead and copper also abound, but at present gold is the sole object of search.

There is plenty of mesquite wood for fuel in the valley within three or four miles of the newly discovered camp, while in the mountains, fifteen miles away, are forests which afford abundance of timbering material. Water can be had at a moderate depth in Fair-rump valley, while at Ash Meadows, fifteen miles away, are streams which could be utilized for power.

In any event the Breyfogle mystery seems to have been solved, and perhaps this fact will give another stimulus to the search for the Gunsight and the Peg-leg mines.—San Francisco Letter.

## Doesn't Feminism Pay?

She—It's disgusting to see people so demonstrative in public places. Who's that man across the street who kisses his wife and baby on the doorstep when he leaves every morning?

He—That's Dodson, who writes cynical paragraphs on matrimony.—Epoch.

## SOFT SOAP AND HARD.

The Eloquence of a Bowerly Fakir Is Felt with an East Side Audience.

A street fakir of the finest type stood at the corner of the Bowerly and a cross street, and addressed the attentive throng with all the rhetorical flourish of a United States senator.

"I was once a poor boy," said he, "with only two cents in my pocket, and I found myself here in this great city without a home and without a friend. May the fates preserve you from any such hardships as I saw, dear gentlemen! Barefooted, hungry, sleeping on the cold ground under the unsympathetic stars, eating the crumbs thrown to me from the tables of the rich, I was indeed a blighted being. I did my best to get employment, but there was no room for me, and I began to contemplate suicide."

"That was cowardly of me, gentlemen, I admit, but I had been made a coward by my privations. I was not myself, and my suicidal purpose was the mad despair of a half insane youth. Yes, I was determined to commit suicide, and was starting in search of a secluded dock where I could plunge into the cruel river without the danger of being rescued, when a piece of good fortune befell me which changed the whole course of my life. As I was passing along the Bowerly my attention was attracted by the voice of a gentleman who stood on the corner just above where I am standing now. He had a small black bag with him, very similar to the one I am carrying; and in this bag were small cakes of soap, which the gentleman was offering for sale at twenty-five cents a cake."

"Now, I did not much stand in need of soap at just that moment, notwithstanding the very thorough bath I was about to give myself, and I should not have stopped to listen to that gentleman had I not perceived that he was offering a very remarkable inducement to the public to buy his wares. Will you believe it, gentlemen, in many of the packages of soap contained in that bag were wrapped greenbacks ranging from the one to the five dollar denomination! I was seized with an immense longing to try my luck in that soap lottery. Providence was watching me at that moment. The soap vender looked down and saw my sad face and tattered garments."

"There is a lad," said he, "whom I should like to help. He will be permitted to draw a cake of soap from this bag without charge, and we shall see what his fortune will be."

"I drew, gentlemen, as I was directed, and, joy of joys! there was a five dollar bill in my cake of soap. A year later I had \$1,000 in the bank, and now I am proud to say life is a perpetual delight. So much do I feel my indebtedness toward the gentleman who saved me that I, too, have taken up the philanthropic work of distributing bank bills among the needy. And I always make it a practice to precede my sales by allowing some poor, ragged boy in my audience to draw a cake of soap from the bag of charge."

"Ah! there is a most unhappy face."

My boy, select a cake of soap from the bag. It will cost you nothing!"

The poor, miserable lad thus importuned did as he was directed, and as the crowd watched him unfold the paper wrapper it was seen that a five dollar bill was inside.

"You see," exclaimed the fakir, unwrapping several of the cakes to display the money within, and then throwing them back into the bag, "you can scarcely help drawing a prize."

Instantly there was a rush in the soap business. As fast as the fakir could make change coins fluttered into his hands. The excitement continued for a number of minutes, and then some one in the crowd began to complain that no prizes were turning up. It was then that the fakir discovered a policeman approaching; and hastily shutting his bag he hurried down the cross street, and turning sharply to the right after going a short distance, disappeared, and in a few minutes was joined by the ragged boy who had been allowed to draw the five dollar prize. His profits on the soap must have been fully \$10.—New York Sun.

## An Expert Opinion.

The New York State Meter inspector's deputy was asked this question the other day: "Could a gas company make meters record more than was necessary to be consumed by tenants by putting on an increased pressure through the pipes?" The inspector replied: "Of course, an increased pressure will make more gas go through the meters than is necessary for the lights. The companies have to put on a lot of pressure about 6 o'clock in the evening when everybody is lighting up. That is what makes the gas jump and flare so. All the gas coming through the pipes is not burned, and that is where the patent governors and regulators step in."

But the consumer can regulate that just as well without a governor by turning the gas partially off at his meter until he gets a stream just about adequate to the number of lights he uses. It makes the light steady, and saves about 20 to 25 per cent. of gas to the consumer. I have done it for many years, and found it to work just about as well as a patent governor."

## Just Think Over It.

Who has not at some period of his existence puzzled his brain over this query: If a goose weighs ten pounds and half its own weight, what is the weight of the goose?

Many persons have undoubtedly been tempted to answer fifteen pounds at once, when the correct answer, of course, is twenty pounds, as they discover after giving the problem a little thought.—New York Tribune.

The largest county in the United States is Yavapai county, A. T., which has an area of almost 30,000 square miles. Nine states of the Union are each smaller than this one county. It is larger than the whole of West Virginia, and almost as large as South Carolina.

## Bloomfield, Montclair and New York Express Co.

OFFICES:  
80 Cortlandt St., New York,  
J. G. Crane & Son, Montclair,  
Dodd's Livery Stables, Bloomfield.  
Pianos and Furniture  
FREIGHT HAULED TO LAND  
DEPOTS.

Telephone 24 Bloomfield

All orders left at any of the offices will receive prompt attention.

Patronage Solicited.

THOMAS FLANNERY &  
PROPRIETORS.

Mrs. S. Brown  
DEALER IN

Fancy Goods & Notions  
Dry Goods, &c.

DRESSMAKING A SPECIALTY

278 GLENWOOD AVE.

Near D. L. & W. R. R. Depot.

A. B. McDOUGALL AND SON

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

AND EMBALMERS

Brick Row, Bloomfield Ave.

Personal Attention Day or Night.

Telephone Call 66 Bloomfield

GEORGE W. WALKER

Hand-made Harness

Repairing done with neatness and patch.

W. L. TOWER

DEALER IN

Flour, Feed, Grain

HAY and STRAW

No. 550 Bloomfield Ave.

where will be found a

superior grade of goods

at the lowest market price

E. B. BUDD

Boarding, Livery, Sale & Exchange

Stables,

33 Washington St.

Fine Carriage Horses for

Carriages at all hours.

Orders Promptly Attended

FURNITURE MOVED.

Telephone No 72.

JOHN N. DELHAGAN

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER

Hand-Made Harness

NO. 10 BROAD STREET

Whips, Robes, Charolais, Spongers

ber Goods, Driving Gloves, and

of Horse Equipments. Harness

Trunks neatly repaired.

A Full Stock of TRUNKS

SATCHELS at Lowest New York